

A N

## E L E G Y

Upon His late MAJESTY (of Blessed Memory)  
King CHARLES the Second.

**S**O left the World *Jerusalems Great Guide,*  
When *He* in Peace upon His Pillow *Dy'd;*  
So like Our Realm, all *Israel* made their Moan,  
Even King *Solomon* upon His Throne.

But could the **Tears** of all the *Princes* Save  
The Great, just *Hezekiah* from His Grave?  
Or could Our **Sighs**, or could Our **Tears** Avail?  
Or could Our **Prayers** with *Wayward-Death* Prevail?  
*Fame* tells (how once) a *Mighty-Shield* from Heaven  
Unto the Great *Anchise's-Son* was Given,

That *Shin'd* with *Oar* and *Gemms* in every Part,  
And would not take a *Dint* from **Mortal-Dart**;  
Like that *Bright-Shield*, Thy *Everlasting-Name*  
(Engrav'd with *Wonders* by the *Hand of Fame*)  
Shall *Live*, and shall *Out-last* all *Strength* and *Rage*  
Of *Envious-Time*, and *All-Destroying-Age*.

In Thy *Blest-Reign*, Thou *Great-Cæstia-Man*!  
The *Golden-Tree of Union* First *Began*;  
*Glorious*, as that which in *Old-Eden* Sprang,  
When *Angels* on the *Tender Branches* Sang;  
Under the *Shadow* of whose *Sacred-Wings*  
We *Sat*, and did *Admire* the *Best of KINGS*:  
Then *Loyalty*, that was before *near Dead*,  
With *Courage* Lifted Up its *Beautious-Head*:  
So *Mercy* came, and on the *Waters* stood,  
After the *Deluge* of the *Roaring-Flood*;  
Then *Peace* appear'd, and *Broke* those *Heavy-Chains*  
With which the *Rebel-Gyant* Bound her *Veins*.

My *Muse* (of all *Apollo's-Tribe*) the *Worst*,  
To Thy *Great-Sepulchre* comes only *First*;  
Thy *God-like-Aëts* let *Abler Pens* *Paint* forth  
(In Words, *worth Dying for*, Declare Thy *Worth*.)

But after All that *Art* can *Here* Bestow,  
They shall *Perfumes* upon the *Violets* strew:  
They *Gild Refined-Gold* with *Care* and *Pain*,  
And *Smooth* the *Ice*, and *must* at last *Complain*  
Their *Fading Laurels* cannot *Grace Thy Herse*,  
For the *Great-Task's* too *Hard* for *Humane Verse*.  
Great is **Our Loss**, and most *Severe* **Our Fate**,  
That *Such a Life* should have so **Short** a *Date*:  
Well may the *Nation Mourn*, *Concern'd* to *See*  
No *Pitch of Glory* from the **Grave** is *Free*.

He that can make *Remarks* on *All* that's *Rare*,  
May *See* how *Short*, how *little Time* things *share*,  
That are most *Wondrous, Bright, or Good, or Fair*.  
Were All the *Soft and Pearly-Dews* *Distill'd*  
Of *ev'ry Flower* in *ev'ry Fragrant Field*,  
Even All the *Sweets* that *Hibla's-Hives* do *yield*:  
In One *Broad Mazar* had We All the *Gums*  
And *Spices* that from *Rich-Panchaia* comes,  
The *Offerings* were (alas!) too *Mean* and *Small*  
To lay and *Prostrate* at Thy **Funeral**.

Although from *Us* Thou art *Remov'd* away,  
Thy *Fame*, like *Light*, shall *Shine* to *Perfect Day*:  
Thy *Way* is *Gay* and *Rich* in *ev'ry part*,  
Drawn forth by All the *Chymick-Angels Art*;  
And those *Blest-Angels* which so much *Admire*  
*Goodness* on *Earth*, to their *Cæstia-Quire*  
Shall *Carry* Thy *Bright-SOUL* upon their *Wings*,  
To make a *Present* to the *KING of KINGS*.

J J R J S

Entred according to Order.